HARLEM, MANHATTAN.
LIQUOR
East 125th
V.A.S
RESTAURANT
All right, what's next on the pub crawl?
Night's still #hic# young...
Startin' early is th' way!
Johnny ol' son...when's the lounge in our new place gonna be done?
No
They're stockin' the bar tomorrow and puttin' in th' alarm syst'm.
Gonnabe awesome.
Make sure that new buncha strippers come back!
Nice. Hey, for a little 'un, you kin really hold yer liquor. And here I thought you'uns didn't drink.
Aw, naw naw...
...well...I used to hit it too much for a while, but I'm cool now.
I've got it under control.

GRAAHH!
KZZZRK
AHHH!!
THE DEVIL IN THE DETAILS
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Knew you would have to surface some time.
Precinct 34, this is Force. Send in a truck, I've got a few of the Hood's gang for you.
Fuh... Forsse?
That's right-- let me check your profile--
--Piledriver.
Hurrkk... hurrkk...!
That was an electrified force field you were all just caught in. I would have dialed it down if I'd known you were all about to fall out anyway.
HLOORK
HEY! What the hell!

Dammit!
Uhmp--
BAKERY
Watch out, they're leaking!
We're bringing in five perps. Ready Cell Nine!
Freaking lowlifes.
Thanks a lot, Force. The NYPD appreciates it.
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law...
You have the right to an attorney present during questioning. If you do not have an attorney, one will be appointed for you--
...I'm in control...

It may be possible to unseat him, though it would take very powerful magicians.
Stephen Strange could do it, but the shadows say he has betrayed his path. He leaves it.
Yeah, well this thing put Dr. Strange on his ass the one time I went against--
--uh... Satana, doesn't that hurt?
Of course it hurts, Parker. No knowledge comes without pain.
Don't speak so casually about the Doctor. Dormammu has suffered defeat at his mangled hands, more than by any other.
It was Strange who banished Dormammu's full essence from this world. He can only manifest through a human host.
But not just anyone will do. He needs a driven man, capable of great sacrifice and daring.
Someone who can handle power.
Yet he can only do what you allow.
Every time you accept his help, you bring him deeper into our world.

I need to see how you met, why you were chosen.
It was an accident, I just found--
ahhh!
I see now. That was no accident.
Accidents do not happen with Dormammu.
You thought you ran across a cloaked attacker and shot in defense.*
And that cape and boots had magical qualities. What a random bit of luck, eh?
*As seen in The Hood: Blood From Stones.
--Back-issue Bill.

The creature you shot was already dead.
A vessel enchanted by one of the many cults who invoke Dormammu. This group got further than most, even finding the bonding cloak.
They thought using a sub-human would limit Dormammu's power, make him manageable.
No one manages him. He thanked them by ending it quickly, then set out for a suitable host.
He sensed you across the city and got in your path.

It was a setup?!
What is this thing...? What does it want?
He and his sibling were of a race called the Faltine, from universes away. Their people were already powerful, but Dormammu and his sister, Umar, craved more.
They found a source: the Dark Dimension. As their power grew, they became conquerors, and ultimately Dormammu betrayed her.
On his campaign he invaded many dimensions, and all fell to him until he reached this one.

So...he doesn't want to just capture some souls and make good people do bad things...
...he wants to run the whole show here. For himself.
Yes.
Now. Do you still feel he is a source you can control, using just when you need it?
How can I stop him?

You allow the connection to exist.
He came to you through a garment, a classic approach. So, simply... ...stop wearing it.
It might be safer here...in experienced hands.
Uh...no, I don't think that's a good idea. Thanks for the advice, though. How much do I owe you?
I sense the occult touches your life from many sides. You need more than one session.
Were I in your shoes, I would build an appropriate work area and put me on retainer.
I'll be your tutor in the ways of magic.
Yeah... let me think about it.
I'll get back to you.

BROOKLYN.
SSZZZZZKKIT
Gahh!
DAMN ME!!!
KRRSSH
I'm sorry...so sorry...
White Fang, need some help with that?

QUEENS.
yaaAHHHWwnn...
...okay, Bree, momma's up...
Can't believe you let me sleep in this--
--late?
Breanne! WHERE ARE YOU..?!!
Oh god, oh god...
Br--
--Parker?
Hey, sorry to freak you out. I slept on the couch so I wouldn't wake you, and got Little Miss Terror in here before she could, too.
Dah!

These men are in your custody now.
Thanks. Tell Osborn I'll be in touch.
Why'd they drop us off here?
Because we *own it*--what are you complaining about, Griffin? You'd rather be back in lockup?
I thought we were supposed to be treated better now!
Well, there's the man, take it up with him.
Is there a *problem*?
Yeah, there *is*.
John called you at sunrise, why did we have to sweat in the can all day?
I *do* have other things to do than spring drunks.

SCREW YOU!
Don't run... let's see what you can do without your *freak side* coming out!
Yaaahhh!
KRRRNNCHH
Okay, Griff...here's what I can do.
KAAAHHHH!!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

I thought we were past all this testing me crap.
Haul his bleeding ass down to our private doc to get sewn up.
Son of a bitch...
Later I want details on this guy who jumped you. We don't let this stand.
Now go!
Parker, why did you risk staying visible? Griffin could have took your head off!
I'm not wearing my cloak, this is Crimson Cowl's.
What? Why--
--hope you guess maaah naymme--

We'll talk about it later. Go make sure they don't get caught again.
Yeah, who--
--she what?